THE SUN-DEMOCRAT.

JONES & JACKSON, Publishers.

HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG.

Through the sunny bygone days of early life,
In a garden sweet and wild,
Knowing naught of sorrow — knowing naught of strife—
Played I as a little child;
Sporting with the sunbeams, romping with the breeze,
Dancing to the redbird's song,
Laughing at the blossoms falling from the trees—
Happy as the day was long!

This has been my motto, through the fleeting years:
"Never mind the shades of night,
They but show there's sunshine—Never mind the tears,
They are only dew-drops bright."
'Mid the blooming flowers of the summer day,
This is still my care-free song:
"Earth is but a garden, I'm a child at play—
Happy as the day is long!"

In the royal garden of the Prince of Light,
Flowers blossom through the years;
Yet each shifting shadow hints of earthly night—
Ev'ry dew-drop hints of tears.
There, throughout the endless, golden summer day,
This shall be my heartfelt song:
"Heaven's but a garden, I'm a child at play—
Happy as the day is long!"

—S. Q. Lapius, in Ohio Farmer.

BREAKING OF THE JAM.

[Copyright, 1897.]

"I ain't my own man. I know that," said Jerry. "I've heard the boys talkin' about it when they thought I was listenin' to the trees. Yes, I've heard 'em whisperin' that some day I'd do somethin' crazy with my gun. Well, mebbe I will—mebbe I will, if I hev' to live anywhere but here. But I couldn't noways hurt a little kid like you,"—Jerry laid his huge hand gently on the head of the boy curled on the log cabin's hearth—"a pore little sick kid like you." He lifted his rifle and looked along the barrel toward the boy. His finger was on the trigger. The doctor opposite started to his feet with a word of alarm; then he sat down again. One glance at Jerry's face convinced him that, whatever Jerry's failings might be, shooting sick boys was not one of them.

"Of course you couldn't hurt him," said the physician. "In fact, I hope you'll help me take care of Jim this winter. We are here because the city is not the place for a boy who has had pneumonia. These old Adirondacks and the Oswegatchie river, and you for guide, Jerry, will make Jim as strong as a bear before spring, and—"

"Ever see a bear?" asked Jerry, laughing with pure delight. "Ever see a bear in the neatest trap in the woods? You let the kid come to-morry and I'll bet I c'n show him one."

Jim sat up and shouted. Jerry's face was as simple and glowing as the boy's; then it clouded, and a vague sadness crept over the docile mouth and the somewhat vacant eyes.

"Don't you forgit I ain't right," he said, slowly and anxiously. "I'd forgit if the boys didn't let on. They laugh because I don't dast git away from these mountains. Ye know I stay here always, and I'm related some way to the big Windfall up yonder, an' to the river an' all. Once I went to town, and I got so lonesome an' cranky I wanted to knock ev'ry blamed fool I met. They got in my way, an' they talked too much. The trees here don't git in your way nor talk too much. In course, them popples along the Windfall gabble consid'ble, but they ain't exactly trees. They jist grew after that storm blew the real old fellers down. Think of that for wind! Oh, ef I'd only been here then!"

A light flashed into his eyes, and he jumped to his feet, walking restlessly to the door. His hound pressed after him and followed his handsome, muscular master out into the forest.

Ward, the owner of the log house where Dr. Mason and his charge had arrived that day, turned to his guest: "It's queer about that," he said. "Jerry in a high wind and Jerry in a calm are two different men. Ye wouldn't know him when it blows. He's smarter than lightnin' then; there ain't no cobwebs in his head at such times! But calm or storm, he's allays the strongest and best guide in the woods. He just can't get lost or tired, or mixed on the weather or the place to find game. Everybody likes Jerry, ef he ain't his own man, and ye can't put this boy in carefuller hands than Jerry Wade's."

Evidently Dr. Wade agreed, for, as the winter passed, Jim spent more and more hours with Jerry. In the lumber camps Jerry was the strongest, best natured worker among the men. During "slack" days the pair hunted, trapped and snowshoed together, and Jerry came to love the boy as he had never loved any other human being. Jim was as dear to him as the forest or the beautiful Oswegatchie.

The cold weather broke suddenly with warm rains. The river rose, carrying hundreds of logs down stream until they caught upon some rocks, forming a dangerous jam a quarter of a mile above the Windfall. Then the river froze again, and the men could walk on the ice almost to the foot of the tangle of logs.

But one morning a warm south wind rose, increasing to a violent windstorm as the day wore on. The softened ice began to pound against the jam from above, and the loggers stood idly about waiting for the break. On the Windfall the men could scarcely stand against the raging, shrieking wind. Late in the day Dr. Mason came, asking for Jim. Behind him, Pierre struggled, breathless and pale.

"Boy on river!" he cried. "Come! Hurry!"

Running to the bank, they saw Jim clinging to a rock far up the stream. Evidently he had wandered along the ice, ignorant of danger. They beckoned him wildly, but he was now panic-struck, and would not move. The shores opposite him were rocky and steep, and spiked with drift wood. The men stood at the only spot where he could reach land. But none offered to go to him in the face of almost certain death.

As they waited, there came a sudden pause, a moment when the wind rested, and the Oswegatchie boomed less threateningly against its barriers. It was the moment to rescue him, and the men faced each other. Then they shrunk back with pale faces. Why throw away their lives?

A moment later the wind swept with a grim roar along the path which it had mowed through the forest 40 years before. The great Windfall was like a tunnel opening on the river, where already the log jam creaked and swayed. Jim might live to be swept into that whirlpool with its craunching timbers. Sickened and trembling, they awaited the dreadful event; these men who braved dangers daily were cravens now. There was one—one only—one more a man in such a storm; but he was a mile away in the upper camp.

They thought of Jerry with a common impulse.

"He'll be wild. He'll say we was a lot of—"

"Go after Jerry."

The speakers paused, for along the footpath Jerry was coming rapidly toward them. The great muscles of his arms and chest knotted beneath his red shirt as he breasted the wind. His supple stride brought him quickly to the bank. There was a gleam in his wild eyes, and he laughed aloud in the pride of mastering the gale. The angry river was as dear as the currents of his own roused blood, and he longed to test the great strength of his splendid body or find a problem for his crowding thoughts. Life and spirit tingled within him.

Suddenly his glance fell upon the excited faces of the men; and then he saw little Jim. He stood among them, speaking quietly, but with stern contempt.

"Waitin' for simple Jerry?" he said. "You was"—he hesitated and did not say "afeared." "You was commonsensed not to risk it. Give me your pole, Pierre." There seemed to be something in his shining face which separated him from them. George Hammond felt it, and began awkwardly: "It ain't in man's power to save the kid. Ye don't sense it, Jerry. We can't let ye go—tomorry ye'll see—" George retreated, Jerry confronting him, calm and white.

"I am my own man," he replied. "Give me the pole." With the steel-pointed driver in his hand he waited an instant, summoning all his powers of mind and body. He looked smilingly at his silenced companions, easily master of himself and them. Running lightly forward, he drove the pole into a fallen trunk and vaulted far out on the ice. The men on the bank watched breathlessly.

"He'll do it"—"Look at that!" "The wind"—"He can't move! He's hurt! He can't move!"

But he was not hurt. A new sound, a deep, ominous roar, had made him pause. He understood it well. The jam was breaking, and in a few hundred seconds the wreck would be upon him. He remembered how fearful the tumult was, and how Jake Leary had lost his footing the previous spring when the logs went out. When Jake's foot slipped he was a doomed man; there was yet time for Jerry to turn and run for life. But the wind swept down and buffeted him, and its rage entered his heart.

The huge mass of timber and ice quaked and groaned and the noise of the surging water was louder. Jerry glanced again at the pitiful figure on the rock, and sprang toward it, running as the watchers had never seen a man run before. He shouted to Jim to stand ready; and Jim, though he could not hear, understood. With his friend near he began to recover from his numbing terror. As the jam moved with its first long, grinding swell, Jerry reached him.

"Come on! That's the way. Here ye be, old fellow. Don't let go. Ef you do—ef you do—"

Now there was a sharp, splitting, tearing sound above the dull roar, which told Jerry that the jam was breaking from top to bottom. He leaped faster, his face fiercer and very white. Jim could feel the iron frame gather itself convulsively. Only a few hundred feet now, and they would be safe. Ah! That was nobly done. The men cheered wildly. Jerry ran like a deer before the dogs, but the water pursued even more swiftly. There was a fearful crash and a cry from Jim. He saw a black wall of water and jagged logs hidden in foam rolling down upon them. The ice beneath Jerry's feet split to right and left; it was moving, and he stumbled twice. But with three jumps he could reach the shore. One brave leap, another, and the ice cleared. Now a wide lane of water swirled between him and safety. George and the doctor were standing waist deep in the stream to help him, and he gathered his strength for that last leap. The gap widened and he saw it could not be done with Jim as a handicap. He must toss the boy over first. Jerry's foothold was now only a pitching block of ice, caught on a temporary obstruction. As they balanced, Jim clung to his friend's neck, and the big fellow smiled at him with his old, sweet kindliness, though to-day his eyes were brilliant and his face was strong.

"ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN, DOC'LL CATCH YE."

"All right, old man," he said. "Let go and Doc'll catch ye. Don't be scart."

The wind, water and logs screamed and crashed all about them.

"Now!" cried Jerry, and threw Jim straight into Dr. Mason's arms. They saw him stagger in the attempt to recover his footing. Again and again he clinched his hands and crouched. But he could not jump. The ice, oscillating from his motion as he threw Jim, sagged and careened beneath him, until the steady feet failed and he fell face downward. The men groaned aloud; a few turned away, and others ran into the water to help him. He had been swept beyond human aid, however, and they could only watch him die.

They saw him whirled into the water, as the block of ice broke into a thousand fragments; once he faced them and waved his hand. In his face was the light they had seen as he strode along the path ten minutes earlier. His arm sank, and he was carried into a clear place. All about, ice and logs plunged and reared through the foam, but some whim of wind or current held them from the drowning man. The river he loved was kind. For an instant they saw his blond head above the water and his hair gently lifted by the stream. Then he sank quietly, and the logs hurled themselves over the spot where he had been.

When Dr. Mason tells this story he says that, as he views it, Jerry was his "own man" when he died.

CHARLOTTE KIMBALL.

WOMAN AND HOME.

CARE OF FOOTWEAR.

The Proper Things to Be Done and How to Do Them.

Take care of your shoes—a little care costs nothing, is so easy, makes them last longer and looks better. It pays to have two pairs of shoes, and wear each every other day—this way they never become perspiration soaked and they last much longer and the wearer is healthier. If the feet perspire, sprinkle a little powdered burnt alum in the stocking. Perspiration rots leather. Don't allow any acids or salt liquids to touch your shoes—acid burns and salt rots the leather. When the shoes are wet, dry 'em slowly—don't put 'em on the stove, in the oven, on the register or radiator; don't put 'em near the heat—let them dry by themselves; too much heat seams the leather and cracks the life out of it—the shoes will crack and crumble. Sweet oil rubbed on shoes when dry will soften the leather. If black shoes have a reddish or musty color, apply sweet oil and the color will soon come back. When using dressing or blacking use the least you can—you will have more luster—the shoes wear longer. Always keep the heels straight—this relieves the strain and makes the shoe fit the rubbers better and keeps the rubber from wearing out at the heel. Don't let the sole become far gone before repairing. Don't have stiff soles put on because they are cheaper. The uppers are not as good as new, and will not stand the strain. When taking off the shoes use the hand and not the foot. Unlace shoes all the way down—there'll be no taking off and putting on strain. Button shoes should be buttoned up whether on the foot or off—that keeps the shape. When you put your shoes away for next season's wear stuff them full of cotton batting, pressing it in as hard as you can. That will keep them from curling up. Don't put rubbers away with leather goods, as the leather oil will blister the rubber. Patent leather shoes will be kept in a warm place. Don't put them on when they are cold. In cold weather look out for them, and don't go out doors until they have been on 15 minutes. Braid on the bottom of the skirt wear out shoes more than velveteen. Always have shoes long enough—short ones hurt the feet—throw the shoe out of shape—force the upper from the sole. When buttoning a shoe, don't jerk the hook over too quickly—it may cut the button-hole.—Boot and Shoe Recorder.

EGGSHELL FLOWER VASE.

A Really Dainty and Pleasing Present for Easter Morning.

Gifts of flowers are so specially appropriate to the Easter season that the accompanying design of a little vase to hold them, made of an eggshell, and thus adding the Easter symbol to the fragrant resemblance, will doubtless be welcome to many readers. The top of the eggshell is irregularly broken and three white beans are gummed upon the other end to serve for feet. The whole is then covered with gilt paint and decorated with a tiny landscape painted in oil colors. Those who have no skill to do this, or who consider it scarcely worth while to put so much labor on so fragile an article, will find the effect very pretty if the

EASTER BASKET AND VASE.

gold paint is used simply to gild the bean feet, to border the broken top of the shell, and here and there to place a dash on the white surface, thus giving the Easter colors. Or the word "Easter" could be written with gold paint diagonally across the shell. Filled with a bunch of violets, this would be a dainty present for Easter morning.—Mary J. Safford, in Chicago Record.

Where to Keep the Flour.

Flour is one of the cooking materials that often receive no thought as to where they shall be kept. Many houses are not provided with a store closet, and a barrel of flour is put in the corner of the kitchen behind an outside door "to have it out of the way and not fill up the pantry." Dampness affects flour, making it close and heavy; besides flour will absorb the odor of many things as quickly as butter, so if one wishes to be sure of good and light bread and cakes the first thing to do is to "fill up the pantry." Make feet of four small pieces of wood for the barrel to stand upon, thus allowing the air to circulate around all parts of the barrel.

Lenenhock and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

SLAVONIAN LAUNDERING.

Mangle with a Clumsy Log Propelled by Frail Women.

There was once a girl who, as an old song put it, "sold her old mangle and bought a pianner," but she lived in England, not in the southeastern part of Europe, so it is probable that her mangle was less primitive than the queer instruments of torture still in use by the women of Slavonia and Servia, and its operation of a less heavy task.

Slavonia is in Austria, or rather in the extreme south of Hungary, but its people are nearly all Servian. Its plains stretch for miles in an endless expanse of perfectly flat country. Its mud is fathomless. Its women's daily task of scouring and fighting against the dirt that the "men folks" bring in from out of doors on their shoes is never done. Between times there is the mangle.

This is a stout plank about seven feet long, raised to a height of two feet upon rough hewn logs. The middle of the plank is gripped by a framework rising from the floor to a height of five feet,

SLAVONIAN WOMAN IRONING.

with three great beams running across it, the whole fastened together with pegs. Upon the plank are laid two rollers, and on these rests a half log of wood just fitting between the sides of the frame. This weight is smooth on its under surface, rough hewn above, and is provided at each end with three pegs which serve as handles.

The ironer, when ready to begin, takes a sheet, for instance, winds it tightly around one of the rollers, and puts an old ironing cloth around the outside. Then, lifting one end of the log and placing the roller under it, she works the weight to and fro, until the wrinkles are all presumably smoothed away. Then the sheet is removed, folded and put away, and the next "ironing"—perhaps another sheet or three or four towels, or half a dozen handkerchiefs—substituted. The second roller acts merely to balance the log, although two ironers can work the machine, one at each end. As for "starched things"—the "blanchisserie de fine" with which Trilby was concerned—they are another story—not yet published in rural Slavonia.

The woman who irons is as picturesque as her tools, when she wears the Slavonian peasant costume. Her shoes are flat and heelless; she has no stockings, but winds linen about her lower legs and binds it in place with thongs, leaving a space of two inches or so bare below the edge of her kilted skirt of coarse, undyed linen. Her yellow, sheepskin jacket is ornamented with patches of red and purple leather, quilted on with bright yarns, and her head is covered with a gaudy kerchief. Almost as often, however, she is stripped of her finery, except on Sundays, and wears at her work bedraggled clothing of western Europe's unattractive work-a-day pattern.

Cure for Sleeplessness.

A Swedish servant maid, finding that her mistress was troubled with sleeplessness, told her of a practice of the people of her country who are similarly afflicted. It was to take a napkin, dip it into ice-cold water, wring it slightly, and lay it across her eyes. The plan was followed, and it worked like a charm. The first night the lady slept four hours without awaking—something she had not done for several months. At the end of that time the napkin had become dry. By wetting it again she at once went to sleep, and it required considerable force to rouse her in the morning.

Encouragement to Servants.

Housewives in Norway and Sweden have started a scheme to encourage servants to remain in their places. Mistresses pay into a general fund whatever they can afford for every servant that has remained with them for 12 months. The money is registered in the servant's name, so that when age overtakes her, and she can no longer work, she has a comfortable annuity to fall back on.

Extending Wear of Sheets

When sheets have been in use for some time do not wait for them to begin to split, but cut through the center and turn the outer side to the center, neatly hem the edges, and the sheet will last nearly as long as a new sheet. Bolster cases should be cut in two and made into pillow cases for ordinary wear.

Anatomical.

"I never saw a man with more effusive pretensions of good will to his fellows than Slyson."

"No; but he never takes hold of a man's hand except for the purpose of pulling his leg."—Cincinnati Enquirer.